

## ROBBER POLITE, BUT USED DRUGS AND A SANDBAG

Tried to Chloroform the Marshalls Before He Looted Their House.

THREW RED PEPPER.

Man He Tried to Rob Grappled with Him and Forced Him to Run.

Armed with a complete kit of burglar tools a polite burglar forced an entrance to the apartment of George L. Marshall, at No. 272 St. James place, Brooklyn, early to-day. After having, as he supposed, chloroformed Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, he began to loot the apartment. Mr. Marshall roused and grappled the man. After a struggle the burglar escaped. The police have been a bit of the notorious Metelski, who was caught last week after robbing dozens of houses in New York and Brooklyn.

The raid on the Marshall home had evidently been carefully planned. The thief gained entrance through the front door with a pass key. The Marshall door is a heavy affair of oak. There was no way to shift the safety chain, and the lock was too intricate to pick. The burglar set to work with his bit and bored a series of tiny holes in a circle. He then cut through the wood from hole to hole till the circle came away in his hand. He thrust his arm through, unhooked the safety latch and turned the lock. He entered the hall, placed his fine silk umbrella on the rack, handed down, to drain, and entered the parlor.

Carefully he placed his tools out on the couch. On the table he opened a bag of Cayenne pepper, ready for emergency. He then prepared a cone for chloroform with a piece torn from a volume of Balzac. It proved to be too small and he went into the library and got a sheet of Mr. Marshall's writing paper. With this he made another cone in which he placed his handkerchief. He then entered the bathroom and saturated the cloth with the anaesthetic from a pint bottle.

The first hint that Mr. Marshall had that there was something wrong was when he was partially roused from a heavy sleep by the noise of something falling. Intuitively he realized there was an intruder in the room.

"Who is there?" he asked. The answer was a shaft of light from an electric pocket lamp and it flared full in his face. He blinked from the glare and then he saw at the edge of the ray the glittering muzzle of a pistol.

"Keep quiet," said a soft and well-bred voice, "because I shall have to kill you otherwise." Mr. Marshall made no answer, but tried to leap from the bed. The next second he fell back stunned and helpless from the blow of a sandbag.

Mr. Marshall had awakened and was listening. When by the dim light of the street lamps he saw her husband fall she screamed and threw herself across his body. The thief thought she was going to attack him, for he struck her with a terrible weapon. The blow fell glancing and the burglar was ripped open by a hairpin. The sand poured upon the bed and the thief stood with the empty sack in his hand. Mrs. Marshall lay quietly, and he turned his attention to the dresser. In the lower drawer he found \$5,000 worth of jewels. He was fumbling in this drawer when Mr. Marshall revived. The burglar stopped at once to the edge of the bed. In the light Mr. Marshall's \$500 diamond ring flashed brilliantly.

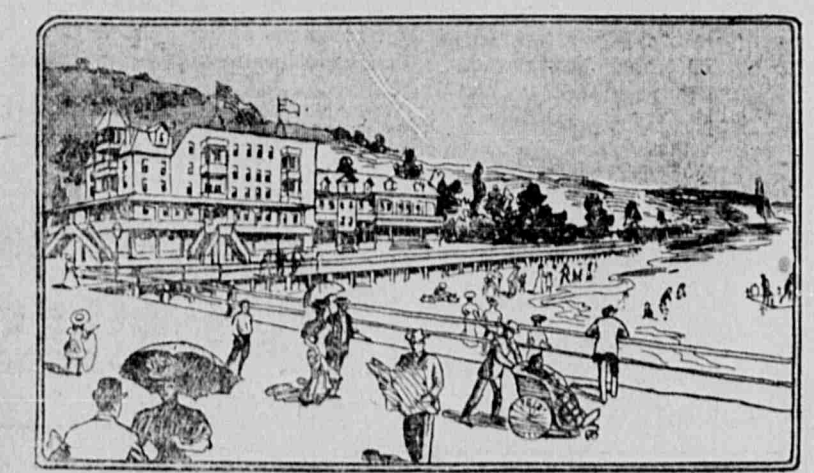
"Strip off that ring," came in smooth and polished tones, "and give it to me. Be quiet. I don't want to kill you."

Mr. Marshall, who is large and powerful built, threw himself upon the burglar. There was the rustle of paper and the room filled with blinding particles of red pepper. Suddenly the intruder wrenched an arm loose and struck Mr. Marshall full in the face with the butt of his pistol. The latter fell back and the burglar ran to the door. Mr. Marshall tried to follow, but was met with the leveled pistol again. He recoiled and slammed the door in the man's face. Then he got his own pistol and fired twice. Mrs. Marshall shouted for the police, but there was none in sight. Finally a milkman came alone and ran to the Grand avenue station. The reserves tumbled out and surrounded the block, but found not the slightest trace of the burglar.

He is described by Mr. Marshall as being about 5 feet 10 inches in height and weighing 150 pounds. He was dressed in blue overalls and jacket, and he wore a cap with his name on it. He had a few dollars in his pocket and a few cents in his hand. His hands were small and well made for. The Brooklyn police believe he was the pal of Metelski.

Mr. Marshall is the New York representative of the New York City manufacturers in Baltimore. His office is at No. 61 Wall street. Mrs. Marshall is a result of her experience. She had but lately recovered from a serious nervous trouble.

## Summer Resort Hotels For Sale and Wanted!



Even the big city stores have not room enough on their shelves to exhibit a display of hotels, cafes, restaurants, resort concessions, &c. There is a place, however, where business opportunities of this kind are described and sacrificed. You will find many such investment offers if you will hurry and read yesterday's

Sunday World's Want Directory!

## BROKER'S WIFE KILLS HERSELF AND DAUGHTER

Miss Agatha Waters Shot Dead in Bed by Her Mother.

SHE WAS FAVORITE GIRL

Parent Then Turns Revolver Upon Self and Ends Her Life.

Miss Agatha Waters, daughter of John R. Waters, a wealthy fire insurance broker, of No. 46 Cedar street, was shot and killed early to-day while asleep in her home at No. 144 West Seventy-sixth street, by her insanely devoted mother, Mrs. Mary G. Waters.

A moment later the mother turned the weapon on herself and blew her brains out in view of her startled and grief-stricken husband and a second daughter. Mystery attaches to the double tragedy in that Mrs. Waters, a devout church member and prominent in her own high social set, displayed no indication of insanity when she retired three hours before the shooting, and because the mother's whole life seemed to be wrapped up in the life and happiness of the daughter she killed.

Another peculiar circumstance which adds to the mystery is that a few moments after the shooting, and before any conference could be held, the police were informed that while Mrs. Waters attended church services in the Church of the Divine Paternity, Seventy-sixth street and Central Park West, last night, her daughter was one of an automobile party which did not return from Far Rockaway until late last night.

Another Story Told.

It was then said that the mother had sat up, awaiting the return of her daughter.

Later, when a coroner called, a conference was held, and that official announced that Miss Waters was accompanied on the automobile trip by her mother, and that the mother's visit to the church was made Sunday morning instead of at night.

The police said that Miss Agatha was the only member of the family in the automobile party to Far Rockaway. The father told the coroner later that the mother and his three daughters, Miss Agatha, Miss Ruth, who is about seventeen years old, and Grace, a young girl, were together in the motor car. At the Waters home today two private policemen prevented any one from reaching the front door and no member of the household, which includes seven servants besides the members of the family, ventured out.

Retired About 11 O'clock.

Mr. Waters occupied a bedroom on the second floor, rear. His wife slept directly over his room, on the third floor. Agatha and Ruth occupied separate beds in the front room of the third floor, while Grace slept in a room on the fourth floor. The rest of the fourth floor was occupied by servants.

The family did not retire until 11 o'clock. At that time the mother appeared normal. She and her two daughters, Agatha and Ruth, had been talking of Miss Agatha's proposed departure for Europe next Saturday. The young woman, who had been athletic, had fallen a victim to nervousness. It was said that her father intended sending her to Europe with a party of friends for rest.

The trip had been an important matter in the mother's mind for many days. Agatha was her favorite. They seemed to be always together, and friends of the family frequently said that if anything ever happened to Agatha it would kill her mother. Mrs. Waters' affection for Agatha was said to approach adoration.

Her Husband's Revolver.

After kissing her two daughters good-night at 11 o'clock, Mrs. Waters and Agatha walked upstairs with their arms about each other, according to the statement made by Coroner Acitelli. On the way up the mother was heard to say, according to the same authority:

"I don't know what I am going to do while you are in Europe, Agatha. A short time before the mother and daughter said good night to each other the telephone bell rang. But it was found to be a mistake of the operator in getting the wrong number. That little incident seemed to have the effect of worrying the mother.

Because of the many burglaries in the neighborhood Mr. Waters recently purchased a revolver, which he loaded

and placed in the drawer of a cabinet on the first floor.

At 2 o'clock this morning Mrs. Waters, clad only in her nightgown, left her bed on the third floor, put on her slippers and silently went to the cabinet on the first floor and obtained the revolver.

Returning to the third floor, she entered the room occupied by her two daughters, and Ruth, half awake, heard her say:

"What was that telephone message about?"

The next moment there was a pistol shot. The mother had gone to Agatha's bed, placed the revolver to her head and shot her dead while she slept. Mrs. Waters ran from the room. Ruth followed as quickly as her startled wits would permit. The father, awakened by the shot, ran from his room on the second floor. As he came into the hall Mrs. Waters came running down the steps, followed by Miss Ruth, who was screaming. When Mrs. Waters was within four steps of the foot of the stairs, and within sight of her husband, she halted, placed the revolver to her head and blew her own brains out, falling dead at her husband's feet.

Shots Arcused Household.

By this time the screams of Miss Ruth and the reports of the revolver had aroused the household and the neighbors. Some one ran for Dr. Stewart, across the street, at No. 144. Some one else ran for Dr. R. W. Eaton, at No. 140. The two physicians arrived together.

Dr. Stewart went to the girl. One look convinced him that she was dead. Dr. Eaton went to the mother, who still lay at the bottom of the stairs. She, too, was dead.

The police were called, and sent for the police of the West Sixty-eighth Street Station.

From Stewart it was learned that for the past five months Mrs. Waters had been suffering from insomnia, and at times threatened to throw her into melancholia.

She was nervous, but showed no insanity, added the physician.

Mind Probably Unbalanced.

Coroner Acitelli, after spending two hours in the house with Mr. Waters and the other members of the family, made this statement:

"Mrs. Waters was passing through that critical period common to women of her age and during which so many women become insane. She was being treated for neurasthenia by Dr. Francis E. Dougherty, No. 52 Madison avenue, Dr. E. E. Fisher, of No. 19 West Fifty-second street. They agreed that she was a stubborn case. From what I have no doubt the woman became suddenly insane.

This was not a sleep-walking case. She was known to suffer from somnambulism or insomnia. She was very happy last night when she retired. Soon after reaching the house her telephone was called by mistake. It seems that little fact proved on her mind, for when she first entered her daughter's room the first thing she said was: 'What was that telephone?'

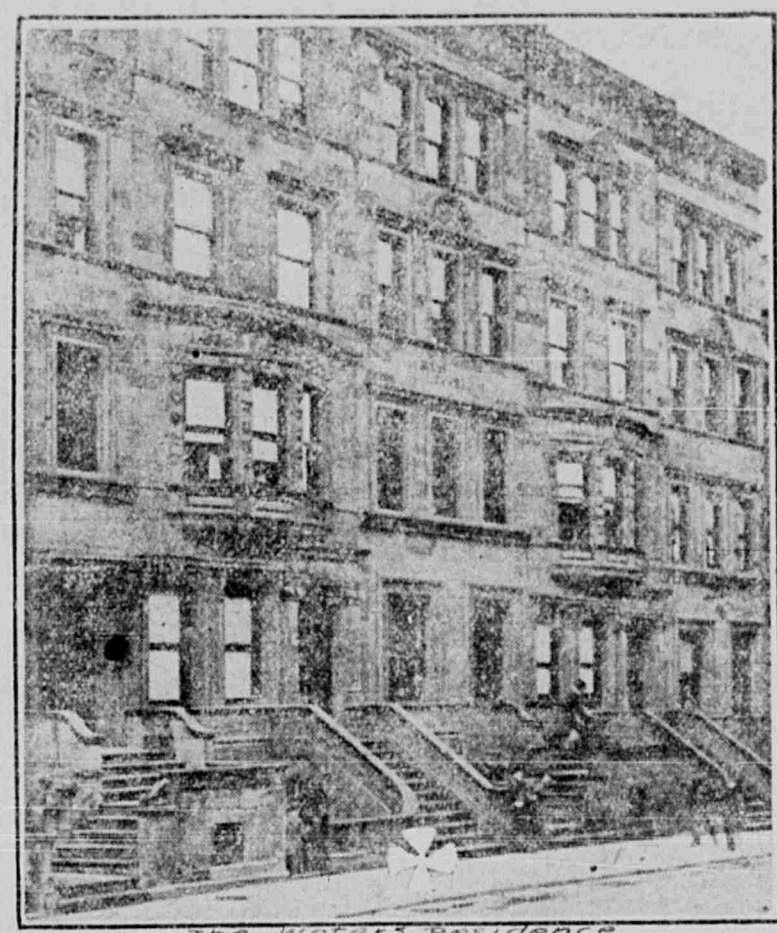
"A woman in her condition may have permitted her mind to worry over the trifling incident of the telephone call until she became totally unbalanced."

All Are Athletic.

Soon after the police were notified a message was sent to the married daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John R. Waters, who is Mrs. Richard H. Gatliff, of No. 18 West Eighty-fourth street. Mr. Gatliff, who is in the real-estate business at No. 140 Broadway, is a grandson of the quick-firing gun inventor.

Mrs. Gatliff reached the Waters home at 1 o'clock and remained there. She and her husband and two children

## MR. WATERS, HIS HOME AND DIAGRAM SHOWING DOUBLE TRAGEDY.



The Waters Residence

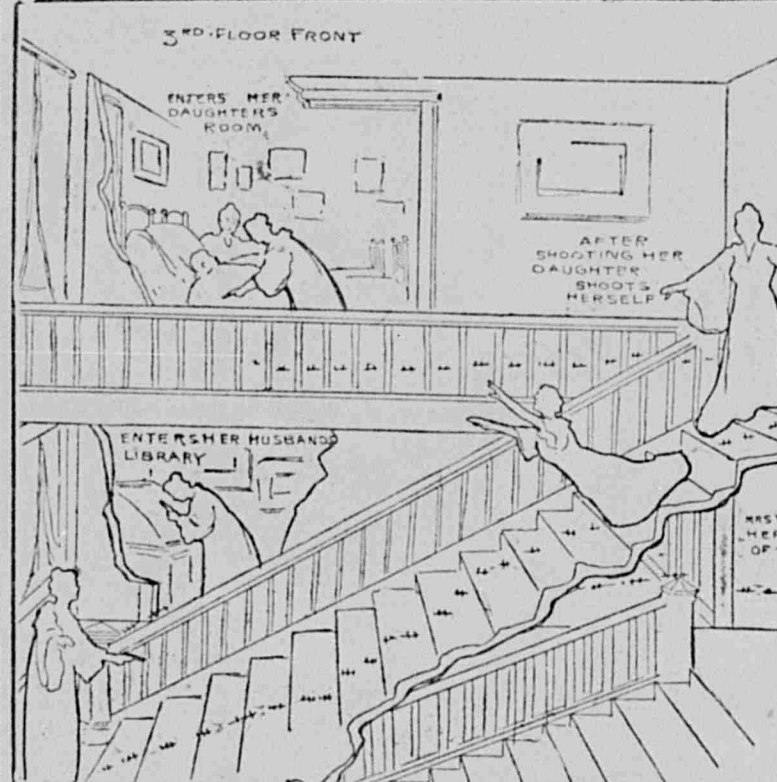


Diagram of the Interior

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John R. Waters



Dr. Ralph A. Stewart

bear the strain of the heavily loaded cars.

There were eight of these in the train from Camden to-day. At this time today it was said that the machine in which Miss Agatha went to Far Rockaway yesterday was one belonging to her father and that the car was in the family employ.

Mr. Waters' recreation in recent years has been confined to automobiles, in which he has three or four. At this time today it was said that the machine in which Miss Agatha went to Far Rockaway yesterday was one belonging to her father and that the car was in the family employ.

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## SAYS WOODBURY GAVE FAVORS TO A CONTRACTOR

Ivins Charges He Borrowed Machinery from U. S. Government.

It developed at the street-cleaning investigation to-day that Commissioner Woodbury borrowed a lot of floating machinery from the United States Government and turned it over to A. S. Martin, general manager of the Water Front Improvement Company, which had the Riker's Island towing contract with the city.

The boats borrowed were a large marine pump, a floating derrick, a tug and a water boat. Capt. Alexander Piper, former superintendent of final disposition, testified that Commissioner Woodbury borrowed these boats from the Secretary of War on June 12, 1902, and immediately turned them over to Martin. They were used by Martin until Capt. Piper left the department to become the head of the company which has the ash removal contract in Brooklyn.

Mr. Ivins asked many questions to show just who got the benefit of this deal, but got nothing definite on that point, although the witness was of the opinion that the deal was beneficial to the city.

Mr. Rand interrupted to ask the meaning of a question.

What He Wants to Prove.

"I intend to prove," said Mr. Ivins, "that the United States Government, immediately it heard of the arrangement as to the use of its property, withdrew it from Major Woodbury on the ground that it was not being used for the benefit of the city and had been represented."

Letters were read in evidence to show that the use of the "hired date" machines and boats were worth at least \$40 per day—exclusive of an engine worth \$10 per day.

Q. That amount, then, was a clear gift by the city to the contractor, was it not? A. It was worth a great deal more than that to the city to the city to get the stuff out of the city.

Q. Then you gave this value to the contractor without asking any reduction or return in favor of the city? A. I consider that the city got ample return for the use of the property.

Q. You made no attempt, then, to get any benefit for the city? A. That is your assumption, but you have no evidence to prove it.

Q. It is true, is it not? A. Your assumption only.

"Then I say it is positively true," declared Mr. Ivins.

"I say you are wrong," declared Capt. Piper.

Superintendent DeWilde testified that the congestion in the removal of waste occurred after the machines were borrowed from the Government.

Q. How was this congestion relieved? A. By using the Barney dumping scows. Q. How many of these did the Department have? A. About eighty.

Q. How much did that cost the city? A. Fifty dollars a day each—about \$1,000, I think.

DeWilde testified that it costs the city now from \$5 to \$50 per scow for towing and unloading.

British Trade Better.

LONDON, MAY 7.—The April statement of the Board of Trade shows increases of \$18,857,000 in imports and \$14,409,000 in exports.

Young Howard Cary a Suicide, Police Think, but Family Deny It.

LONDON, May 7.—The death of Howard Cary, of New York, who was discovered shot dead in his bed at a Kensington boarding-house, is being investigated by the Coroner. Apparently it is a case of suicide.

Although Cary was found dead last Friday the fact only came out to-day. Cary arrived here May 2 and was staying at the boarding-house with his cousin, Lord Fairfax. The latter testified to-day at the opening of the inquest that he and Cary dined and went to the theatre together May 3. The deceased appeared to be quite cheerful.

Pistol in Hand.

Other witnesses testified to finding Cary dead with a revolver grasped in his right hand and a bullet wound in his right temple. He was still dressed in evening clothes and there was no sign of a struggle in the room.

The doctor who made the post-mortem examination of the body said he found a bullet flattened behind the left ear. It was certainly a case of suicide he held.

The Coroner remarked that he desired to make further inquiries before the jury rendered its verdict.

The inquest was adjourned.

Cary's friends scout the idea of intentional suicide. They say the young man was perfectly happy the night before his death and that he had no financial or other troubles. They believe his death was entirely accidental.

"My brother came to his death by an accidental discharge of a revolver in his apartment," said Guy Fairfax Cary, lawyer, of No. 55 Wall street, to-day to an Evening World reporter while discussing the case.

"Howard went to London on a visit to our cousin, Lord Fairfax," he continued. "There was absolutely no reason for suicide. He was cheerful and had no worries, social or business. The family was notified of his death last Friday."

Member of Rich Family.

Mr. Cary said that he would sail for London on the first steamer.

Howard and Guy Fairfax Cary are sons of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Cary, members of the socially prominent Cary family. Howard was twenty-five years old and a graduate of Harvard University. He was higher he lived at No. 17 East Fifty-fourth street, and up to his departure for England was connected with a Wall street banking house.

He was a splendid horseman and a member of the Knickerbocker, Racquet and Tennis and Harvard clubs. Flags were at half-mast to-day from these clubs.

Young Cary was a great favorite with his cousin, Lord Fairfax, formerly Albert Fairfax, an American citizen, and a clerk in the banking-house of Barclay, Messing & Co.

Albert Fairfax spent twelve years in Wall street before assuming his present title of Lord Fairfax and Baron Cameron, in the Peerage of Scotland. He is the eldest son of the late Dr. John Contee Fairfax, of Prince Georges County, Md.

When he went to England, in 1902, he accepted a clerkship in a London bank. Later he came into the Fairfax estates, becoming the twelfth peer of the line of Fairfax, and taking his seat in the House of Lords.

The original claim for his seat in the House of Lords is said to have been drafted by Charles Cary of the New York law firm of Cary & Whittridge, and father of young Howard Cary. A cablegram from Lord Fairfax informed the Cary family of his cousin's death from a gunshot wound.

## DEATH OF RICH NEW YORKER IN LONDON QUEER

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